LEWIS M. GRIST, Proprietor. | An Independent Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South. TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 34.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1888.

NO. 44.

Selected Loetry.

A SOUTHERN STATESMAN'S POEM. [The following lines, by Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, won the warm praise of Lord Byron, and are the most lyrical stanzas that ever came from the pen of an American

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE. My life is like the summer rose That opens to the morning sky, But, ere the shade of evening close, Is scattered on the ground—to die. Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to see—

But none shall weep a tear for me! My life is like the autumn leaf That trembles in the moon's pale ray; Its hold is frail—its date is brief, Restless—and soon to pass away. Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fad-The parent tree will mourn its shade, The winds bewail the leafless tree— But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand; Soon as the rising tide shall beat, All trace will vanish from the sand; Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race, On that lone shore loud moans the sea-But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

The Story Teller.

Treasure of the Three Kings.

By JAMES G. HUSTIN.

"Hold on a bit, doctor. I want to say something-wait a bit-there, now I'm easierdid you say I was-dying!" "Well, yes, Baybridge; you might as well know it, I suppose. You won't pull through this time, my poor fellow. I have warned you

"Never mind all that doctor; if I'm bound to die what's the use of preaching? But I've got something-ugh-there it is again-Ive got something to ask for."

"Well, Baybridge, anything in reason, but you must be quick." "Oh. it ain't unreasonable, I reckon. I want to see my son."

"Yes, doctor He works in the foundry gaug, and I being in the brush shop haven't to see him for two or three years now. Just after he come in this time it was that the warden let us have a patter. I haven't seen

"Well, Baybridge, your wish is natural, and does you credit. I will speak to the warden, and I dare say he will let No. 85 come up here and flave an interview-at noon

"Will I last till then, doctorf asked the hoary old convict, turning his eyes anxiously upon the face of the physician, who stooped to examine them narrowly, felt the pulse, distributed them formed of knife blades, candidation them formed of nictures or a distribute them.

gently:
"Yes, you'll hold out until sunset, I think,

my man."
"All right, doctor. You'll see about Nick?" "Yes. Keep very still, and go to sleep if you can. Save yourself up, you know." "Yes, doctor," and old Stephen Baybridge, the incendiary, the burglar, the would be assassin, turned his gray head upon the pillow of his prison bed and composed himself

for the last sleep before the final one. Twelve o'clock, midday, clashed out from the prison clock, and the convicts gathered from the various workshops were marshaled in the courtvard and marched in past the kitchen grating, where each man received his liberal mess of wholesome food, and so to their cells for an hour of rest and refresh-

"No. 35, the warden allows you to visit No. 104 in the hospital ward. Be ready in ten minutes," said the officer in charge, as a tall, stout fellow, who might have been good looking but for his close cropped hair and the hideous prison dress, filed by him. No. 35 replied by a military salute, took

his dinner and turned down the corridor to In ten minutes the turnkey who came to release him found his tin basin empty. "Blessed if they don't snap up their victuals

like dogs," muttered he, nodding to 35, who followed him without a word. Stephen Baybridge had not slept, and as his breathing grew more difficult, the attendant had bolstered his grizzly head high

upon the pillows, and now stood fanning him; but as his son came down the ward and stopped beside the bedside Stephen motioned the nurse away. "There, that'll do. I want to be all alone

with my boy here for awhile. How are you, "Well enough, father, but you don't look to be. What's up?"

"I'm up for-somewheres. The parson says maybe I'll do well enough, but that ain't what I wanted of you. Nick, have you heard from the old woman since I saw you three year ago?"
"Yes. She's gone under."

"Dead"
"Yes. A fellow come in and says, says he, 'Warn't Susan Baybridge, your mother?' And I says, 'Yes.' 'Well,' says he, 'she was run over by an ingine I was driving, and I was drunk, so they sent me up here for five

"Old woman's dead, Sally's dead, Tom's gone no one knows where," muttered the dying man, and then fixing his eyes upon his son's face, said aloud:

"Nick, you're all I've got left of all the "Yes, father, I suppose I am," replied the young man, with a sort of patient indiffer-

ence of manner. "Well, Nick, you ain't the sort of boy you'd ought to be, but like as not that's more my fault than yours. You didn't get much of a

bringing up."
"I was brought up in the streets mostly, except when I got a turn at the Reform or House of C'rection," replied Nick, coldly.
"Yes, I know it. Well, it's too late now

and I ain't the one to preach what I never practiced," said Baybridge, uneasily, and then fixing a glance of auxious scrutiny upon his son, he asked: "Saying you got rich, Nick, would you

quit them ways that brought you here?"
"Of course I would. What's the use of taking another man's money if you've got enough of your own? I'd be as steady as a clock if I could afford it and was out of here."

"How long are you in for?" "Fifteen year. Three is out now," replied "Twelve year to run if you can't get par-

Nick, sullenly. doned out. How old are you, Nick?" "Rising 30, I reckon."

maybe you'd be steadier after you was out, Nick. I've got a secret to tell you."

"About money?" asked the young man, his face at last lighting with real interest.

"About a fortune, Nick, a fortune fit for a

king," replied the father, impressively. "Well, let's hear it; tell away, old man; the time is short, anyway. "My time is short, or I'd keep the secret to

myself," gasped Stephen. "But seeing I've got to go, I thought—well, well, the long and short of it is, I've had a pal ever since I came here twelve years ago, a fellow that worked next to me in the shop, and walked next me in the gang, and sat next me in

chapel, so of course we talked, rule or no rule, and I found out all about him. He'd been a Catholic priest, and he was took up for forgery, and got twenty years in this place. So much I knew all along, but about a year ago he took bad, and was put in the hospital here. I have a way when I get tired of work of making myself sick swallowing some of the stuff in the shop, and so I got sick then, and came to the hospital, too, and was in the bed next my pal. He had a fever and went off with it, but the last night he'd to live he was mighty uneasy, and at last, when the nurse was asleep, he told me that he would leave me a secret worth more money than he dared to name. Then he went on to say that the very night before he was arrested he was called to confees a Spanish sailor, dying in a hospital of a wound got in some drunken spree, and-stop now-the priest had got it written down, and continued to keep it all the time he'd been there, stowed away with some relics he wore

round his neck, and he just gave me relics and all, and I've worn them in the same way ever since. Hark! There's the nurse coming to say time's up Take the little bag and sling it round your neck, quick! Though if they find it they won't meddle with it, because it's your religion, you know."
"Come, 35, your time is up," said the

officer, approaching with the nurse. "Good-by, Nick. Maybe we'll see each other t'other side of Jordan, anyhow, remember, boy, that you said if you got pardoned out, or even if you stay your time out, that you'll lead a different life. Remember that, Nick."

Nick leaned over the bed and took his father's cold hand in his, while upon his dark



About money?' asked the young man. "I remember, father, and I promise you that if I'm able to do as you've been advising,

"That's it, Nick; that's the talk; now good-by, my boy; good-by, lad."
"Good-by, father, and good luck to you," and Nick turned away with more human feeling working in his breast than he had

known in many a wicked year.

At sunset Stephen Baybridge died.

A few days later his son Nick, better nown to the prison authorities as No. 35 of the foundry gang, contrived, while filling the mold for a casting, to pour a quantity of the molten metal over his left arm and hand, burning himself severely and putting all possibility of work for several weeks out of the question. He was at once removed to the hospital ward, and the same physician who had closed the father's eyes was sum-

moned to attend the son.

"A bad burn, Baybridge. You will be laid up a week, at least. Your father used to make himself sick on purpose, and did it once too often. We can't suspect you of the same trick, though, with such a burn as this

to show." "It ain't likely," groaned 35, writhing in agony as the doctor dressed his wounds.

Ten days later the burns had so far healed that 35 was informed he would be returned to his cell the next morning. The news took him a little by surprise, as he had calculated upon a longer convalescence, but he was pre-

A foundryman with sand molds and molten iron at his command finds little trouble in manufacturing a key, and a bettter one, dozen other unlikely materials, by which prison doors have been unlocked and miraclous escapes effected. The story of Bruce's spider loses all its marvel as one reads our

prison reports. Besides the key, 35 had possessed himself of a short, stout bar of iron, which he wore bound upon his back when he was brought to the hospital, and had since secreted beneath his mattress. This he carried in his right hand as he effected his escape, and had any obstacle presented itself in human shape, the gleam of 35's dark eyes, and the feline readiness of every motion,

suggested the course events might take and the consequences likely to ensue. But by good or ill fortune, as one views the question from the side of convict or keeper, no one was in the way of the well planned and adroitly executed escape, and in the darkest hour of a black autumnal night

Nick Baybridge reached the summit of the wall dividing him from the world. A temporary staging left by the n who were repairing the stone work helped

him to surmount it, but no such aid was to be expected upon the other side, nor had 35 been able to provide himself with a rope, even if there had been any means of fastening it. "Here's for luck!" muttered Nick in lieu of prayer; and lowering himself from the cop-

ing by his hands he hung for a moment and then dropped upon a heap of broken iron castings full of sharp edges and jagged "I'm done for," muttered Nick, grimly

suppressing a groan of anguish as the sentry above his head paced slowly along the wall, and paused to listen for the sequel of the voice he had heard. "I won't die here; I won't give them that

As good one way as another." So muttering between his clenched teeth. the man, brave as any brute, gathered his

poor broken and bleeding body together and trailed it inch by inch along the pavement, leaving a dismal track behind him, toward the turbid tide rolling not 300 feet from the spot where he had dropped. But the anguish and the exertion were too

great, and half way he fainted, and lay there, his face upon the earth, half naked and wounded to the death-a horrible sight. An hour went by, and brought the dawn. Before the dawn had grown to daylight young girl came tripping along the silent street and paused at the beginning of the bridge.
"Just 5. It's time for father now," said

she, listening for the sound of wheels. Then, as nothing was to be heard, she began to look about her, noticing the odd effects of familiar objects in the half light, and so came upon the prostrate figure of the dying felon in his prison dress.

The dress, the hour, the mangled form, grouped themselves suggestively in the girl's quick brain, and her second glance was oward the prison walls rising gloomy and orbidding close behind her. No unusual stir was apparent, and Louisa Wylie, snatching the gray plaid from her own shoulders,

threw it over the figure at her feet, murmuring defiantly:

"They haven't missed him yet, and they shan't get him again if I can help it. Poor creature!"

Just then the rumble of wheels passing from the paved street to the wooden bridge was heard in the distance, and at the same moment poor 35 stirred in his swoon and moaned drearily. Both were sounds of promise, and Louisa hastened to lay the vounded man's head in an easier po and then stood up looking eagerly down the bridge. A covered country wagon, drawn by a comfortable plow horse, was slowly approaching. Louisa could not wait, and ran to meet it. Two men were upon the seat, one a white haired patriarch, the other a good looking young gentleman, who, at sight of the girl, uttered an exclamation of great surprise, and made a movement as if to spring to the ground. The old man draw the reins, exclaiming also in astonishment:

"I knew you would drive over the bridge on your way into the city with the market stuff, and I wanted to see you about something that wouldn't wait, and so I came out to meet you, father; but what I want now is that you should take up this man and--and

hide him somewhere." "What man? Hide him?" helplessly repeated the old farmer, staring about him in

bewilderment, while the younger man sprang to the ground. "What is it, Miss Louisa? Let me help you," said he, going close to the girl, who, pointing back at the prostrate figure, said,

"I suppose he has escaped from the state prison, but he is terribly hurt, and perhaps lying. They shall not get him if I can help t, and I want father to put him in the wagon and carry him right home. I'll go,

"Sho, Louizy, I shan't do any such thing. What, lose all my marketing for the sake of helping a gallows bird to escape! I'd be well set to work doing that, shouldn't I!" exclaimed the old man, indignantly, and his as to report me before night, and by that daughter replied:

"Indeed you would be, father. No matter what he has done, he is wounded, suffering, dying before our eyes Would you carry him back to the very prison he has killed himself in trying to escape? Oh, father, would you, could you be so cruel and unfeeling!"

"Well, but you see, Louizy, he am't nothin' down, the parson said. May be I shall, too. us, and I've got all my green stuff in the

ack of the wagon"——
"Ask me, and I will help you, Louisa," said a low voice at her elbow, and Louisa, turning, fixed her indignant, honest eyes upon the face of the young man as she re-

"Well. John Merton, I do ask you to help me, and I offer you my best thanks in advance for doing so." "I think, Mr. Wylie, we might make room

at the back of the wagon for the poor fellow. and if you don't mind going three or four miles out of the way I will take the risk of carrying him to my mother's house, since Miss Louisa is so resolved upon rescuing him. And any loss that you may experience in

your marketing"-The rest of the sentence was spoken softly in the ear of the old farmer, who, nodding twice or thrice in reply, stiffly dismounted from his driving seat, and, going round to the back of the wagon, began to unbutton the curtain and move round the various boxes and baskets stowed behind it. Meantime the two young people had ap-proached and bent over the convict, now

conscious of his sufferings and his danger, and watching their motions with the keen anxious eye of a trapped animal who sees his captors approaching.
"You are dreadfully hurt, aren't you!" asked Louisa, faltering for the first time as

she saw the pool of blood oozing from beneath the crushed figure. "Yes. Are you going to carry me back?"
"Won't you be better taken care of there than anywhere else! Do you mind very much where you go?" asked John Merton, restraining the girl by a warning look. "Mind! Of course I do. I'd rather die

here. Hide me away somewhere, and I'll pay you handsome," gasped poor 35, clutching with his one hand at the secret upon his At this proposition Merton smiled con-temptuously, Louisa reproachfully. "We do not want to be paid," said she.

"Even if you could pay us," added he.
No. 35 smiled dubiously at both speakers,
but made no reply. Then, with Farmer
Wylie's help, and even some assistance from Louisa, Merton got his charge into the wagon, and, with his foot upon the step, turned to say:

"Mr. Wylie, you had better go home with Miss Louisa to her rooms, and I will call there for you as soon as I can. It may be best for you not to have more to do in this business than can be helped." "I reckon só; and make the best of it. I'm

loser by the hurt my stuff will take jolting six miles extra, letting alone getting in late for the market," grumbled the old man, but his daughter checked him. "Oh, father, when a man's life and mortal

agony are in question, can we care for a little more or less trouble and loss?"
"Well, I'll go home with you, Louizy, and, John, you come as quick as you can." Mr. Wylie, taking his daughter's arm, plodded along in the direction of her lodgings, while John Merton drove rapidly yet carefully away in the opposite direction.
"And what was you coming to meet me on

the bridge for, Louizy? Ain't you doing well at your work?" "Oh, yes, father. I have more photographs to color than I can do, and my business with you was about just that. Mr. and he wants me to go, too. He says no one else does the work as well, and he will pay me handsomely, besides my expenses. But I must decide today, as he will have to look for some one else if I cannot go."

"Then he's bound to go, any way?" "Oh, yes, and he will take some one to paint his photographs." "Then it might as well be you as any one, for if you stop to home you'll lose his work," said the farmer, shrewdly; and Louisa answered, with New England self confidence and self respect:

"There's no trouble about that, father. I shall always get as much work as I can do, I think."
"But you can't go alone with this man,"

nggested the father, suddenly.
"Oh, no; Mrs. Waters is going, of course. "Well, I don't see but what you might as well go, then, Louizy," said Farmer Wylie; and so was decided an important step in the matter of the secret confided by the Spanish milor to his confessor, by the confessor to Stephen Baybridge, and by him to his son Nick, or No. 35.

An hour later John Merton called at Miss Wylie's lodgings, and after surrendering the horse and wagon to their impatient owner he informed her that their wretched charge had arrived at the cottage, terribly shaken and exhausted, both by his hurts and by the drive, and that although his mother had willingly accepted the charge he had put upon her, he felt that it was too arduous a one, and should, after a brief visit to the city, go home for the rest of the day.

Also he informed her that the dying man-for such he considered the convict—had expressed a very ardent desire to see the "young voman who spoke so pleasant" to him in his first conscious moments, and to whom he had something of the greatest importance to re

real.
"Some message for his friends, I suppose," said Louisa, thoughtfully. "I can hardly leave home today, for I must begin to get ready for my journey;" and then she told her plan to the young man, who

listened attentively, and replied: "All the more reason you should go home with me today, to bid my mother good-by; and I, too, have something important to say to you, Louisa, before you go. I went out to the farm yesterday on purpose to speak to your father and mother, and intended when I rode in this morning with Mr. Wylie, to ask you to go out to my mother's today.

Will you come?" "I could not go merely for pleasure, John but I will go to see this poor dying man," said Louisa, coloring scarlet, but meeting the young man's meaning glance fully and fear-

lessly.
"Then I will call for you at 10 o'clock, shell Im

"Yes, if you please." But at 10 o'clock as they passed through the city streets to the horse cars every wall confronted them with placards announcing the escape of Nicholas Baybridge from the state prison, describing his person and dress, and offering a large reward for his appre-

ension. "You must not tell until he is dead, John," said Louisa, anxiously. "He cannot live many days, and they should be spent in

"They shall not be disturbed, Louisa," said the young man, and resolved to keep his word at any sacrifice, but none was needed, for, like many other very transparent secrets, the true story of No. 35's escape was never known, and the authorities wisely decided to identify him with the body of a man found floating in the dock next day, as poor Nick had fully intended him-

Arrived at the cottage, Louisa, after a brief conversation with Mrs. Merton, asked to be allowed to see the sick man. "It's a shocking sight for you, dear," said tender hearted Mrs. Merton. "But he has done nothing but ask for you since John went away. He's sinking fast, poor fellow, and the doctor says-I would send for old Dr. Spear, though the man declared he

wouldn't have any one-the doctor says he never will see sunrise again." "Poor man! And such a horrible death. Let us go to him at once, Mrs. Merton, if I can say or do anything to comfort him," said Louisa, pale, but very resolute, nor did she shrink or falter when, standing beside the bed, she looked for the first time full at the disfigured face and head, the maimed and

broken arms and heaving chest of the in-"You were asking for me, they said. Can I do anything for you?' inquired she. mod his honvy The convict shotten eyes, and looked earnestly up into

her face. "It's come round curious, that you should e the one to get it, after all," said he. "Get what?" asked Louisa, gently.

"What I'm going to give you. The old woman would have a doctor; I didn't want one because I thought he'd blow on me, and I ain't a-going back to the prison anyway. But the doctor said he wouldn't get round so time I'd be out of danger." "Out of danger of arrest?" "Out of danger of anything that we know about. The old man spoke solemn to me the other day when he lay as I lay

now, but I didn't feel it then. You don't till

it comes your own turn. He went off at sun-

But, Lord, what a lark it is for me to be laying here in this clean white bed, with posy pots, and pictures, and easy chairs, and curtains all about me. I never slept in such a room in my life, and to think of only getting in here to die. Now, that's just my luck, just my confounded luck." "I wouldn't tank in that way now," said the young girl, with a sort of kindly severity

"Why not? You ain't one of the overly pious folks that think a poor fellow is going straight to the bad if he says a strong word

or so, are you?" asked 35, in a tone of some disgust, but added, impatiently:
"Well, it don't matter. I've got to go, and I can't take it with me, and you was good to me, and made that fellow help me, and you're the first decent woman I ever had a chance of doing a good turn to, .. even speaking to. More than all, you're good looking-first

He rolled his languid eyes upon her face with a look of critical admiration. Louisa met it as unblushingly as a bird upon a tree might have done.

"What are you talking about?" asked she.
"Well—about—this." And as he spoke, the convict, with movements whose agony betrayed itself upon his writhing features, drew from his bosom a little leathern reliquary in the shape of a heart. It was fastene about his neck by a thong, also of leather, hardened and blackened by much wear,

almost to the texture of iron. "Cut the line and rip open the bag. There's a fortune inside and it's yours. I give it to you, because you was good to me. O Lord! O Lord! I can't stand this. I'm going now,

A terrible access of pain cut off all further speech, and Louisa hastily summoned assistance, but no assistance could now avail. Poor 35 lingered a few hours, at first in torture, then in the fatal ease that precedes death from internal injuries. During this interval he called Louisa to his side and feebly asked: "Well, what was in it?"

"The little case? I have not opened it." "Open it now-send the rest of the folks away," whispered No. 35; and Louisa, requesting Mrs. Merton and John to leave her alone with the patient for a few moments, brought the reliquary and a scissors to the

edside.
"Shall I cut it open?" asked she. "Yes, and quick, too." Without reply Louisa ran the scissors about the edge of the little case and opened it upon

"A lock of hair, a scrap of cloth, a bit ofevergreen, I should say—and a folded paper covered with writing," enumerated she, turning over the contents.
"The paper—read it out aloud—the other

stuff is the priest's nonsense-read!" gasped 25. almost at the last now. With a hasty glance at his cadaverous face Louisa obeyed. The paper was very fine and thin, and the writing very faint, so that it was with difficulty she deciphered and read

out these words: "Antonio Garcia, being in extremis, confessed to me that he, with others, caused the wreck of the Brazilian treasure ship, the Three Kings of Cologue, upon the eastern end of a small island or key, known as Los Demonis, within fifty miles of the island of Cuba, the Three Kings being bound for Havana. Garcia and four others secured the princely amount of the treasure, mostly in diamonds and other jewels, with some bullion, confined the rest of the crew and officers under hatches, seized one of the ship's boats. and escaped, leaving the vessel in a sinking condition. After much danger and delay they landed at a point forty-seven miles east of the town of San Juan de los Remedios, beneath a tall cliff called, in the language of the country, Il Cavallo Blanco, or the White Horse. Here, being in much doubt as to their treatment by the natives, and of the time when they should escape from among them, they agreed to hide their treasure in a grotto or cavern half way up the cliff, and not to be seen either from its base or its crest, but marked by a deep crevice in the face of the rock pointing like a finger from the summit downward, the said cavern being discovered by Garcia himself while searching for birds' eggs to assuage the extreme hunger of himself and his comrades. And the boxes of treasure are hidden under a large stone, like a bench, across the end of the cave. But the cave can only be reached by stepping from a boat at high tide to a projecting rock, and then scaling the face of the cliff. And said Garcia bequeaths this entire treasure to the use and benefit of the Holy Church, he being the heir of his com-

rades, who unfortunately died within a few days after concealing the treasure, and before leaving the island of Cuba." Here abruptly ended the memorandum of the priest, evidently a mere abstract, taken down just after hearing the confession of the dying man, and designed to fix the in-

formation given by him beyond the chance of forgetfulness or mistake. "And do you suppose it is still there, and do you mean to give it to me?" asked Louisa, as she finished reading and raised her eyes to the face of her attentive listener. That face was already awful with the im-

press of death; the eyes that met hers had fixed in a glassy stare of admiration, too horrible for even the well strung nerves of the New England girl. She uttered a low cry, and fled from the room, convulsively grasping the scrap of crumpled paper, which had become her warrant of a princely fortune. A week later Louisa Wylie sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Waters for Havana. In the same steamer, but not in the same party, sailed John Merton, the junior partner of a flourishing legal firm in Boston. He went, as he took occasion to state, upon professional business, and, in so stating, told the exact truth, his employer being Miss Wylie, and his business the investigation of Antonio Garcia's story and the discovery of the owners, or rather the heirs of the owners, of the

ship Three Kings of Cologne. Arrived in Havana, Mr. Waters went soberly to work at the business which had taken him there, and Miss Wylie devoted herself to his assistance as steadily and as

onscientiously as she had ever done in her Mr. Merton meantime busied himself with came to report progress to his employer. "I find," said he, "that the ship T Kings of Cologne was actually owned here in Havana, fifty years ago, by a wealthy firm styled Ramirez Bros. The ship was wrecked, and the treasure she contained abcolutely lost, it is supposed. The sole surrivor of the family of Ramirez is a young man, wealthy, handsome and unmarried who neither needs nor misses the fortune of

which Antonio Garcia robbed his grandfather." "What will you do next?" "Have you not been to see Ramirez?" asked Louisa, in some surprise.

"No, certainly not, until I know your de-"Why, you knew it beforehand." "But the circumstances are different from what we imagined possible. This property, if indeed it exists at all, is fairly yours, all other claim being outlawed long ago, and Sig. Ramirez, as I said, neither needs nor misses this"-

"John, what are you talking about? Has ten days among these deceitful and intriguing people changed your honest and upright heart to"-For the first time since he knew her the clear, round voice faltered, and the brave eyes filled up with tears, half of sorrow, half

of shame. John flushed scarlet, and left the room without a word. An hour later he returned, accompanied by a superbly handsome and courtly gentleman. "Miss Wylie, this is Sig. Ramirez, to whom I have given only a hint of the strange story you have to relate to him," said the

"I am very glad to see you, sir, and hope Louisa, and then, clearly and briefly, and without one word of sentiment or one suggestion of any other course possible for her to pursue, she repeated the story of Nick Baybridge's escape from prison, his constituting her his heir, the priest's abstract of Antonio Garcia's confession, and finally sho ended by placing the paper in the hands of the young Spaniard, who had sat listening to her with his great melancholy eyes open to their fullest extent, and his face lighted with the most active emotion it had ever ex-

this property to me, its so doubtful owner or heir?" asked he, at length, "No; I came upon my own business, but I, of course, determined to see you and tell you | can mark toothpicks free."

"And you have come to Habana to restore

about the hidden treasure. This gentleman, Mr. Merton, a lawyer by profession, came on purpose to see to it," said Louisa, indiffer

mtly.
"My thanks, and something more, shall be laid at the feet of the Sig. Merton," said the hidalgo, with rather a patronizing bow to the lawyer. "But," added he in another tone, as his eyes traveled back to the young girl's handsome face, "but you, signora-I have no word of thanks for you." "I assure you, sir, I do not wish for or ex-pect any. The ship was yours or your

was had become of the treasure, it was no great trouble to let you know, especially as I was here. I hope you will find the diamonds, etc., all safe."

"Thanks, signora," replied the Spaniard, his eyes fixed in unabated astonishment upon the fair northern face, painfully reddening

grandfather's, and when I happened to hear

what had become of the treasure, it was no



'Thanks, signora." "Now I will beg you to excuse me, as I have work to do before sunset," and left the

"Work! The lady works?" asked Ramirez, turning with a puzzled glance to Merton, who hastened to explain. "Ah! what shame for her to work. And all this money in her hands, if she had closed them upon it!" exclaimed the Spaniard; and, after a moment's thought, he ap-proached the young American, and, laying a

finger confidentially upon his arm, asked:
"She is not married?" "Or affianced?" "No," said John Merton, closing his teeth

firmly upon the monosyllable.
Sig. Ramirez nodded twice or thrice, and then asked some shrewd questions about the business in hand; nor was Miss Wylie again alluded to between the two men. Another week went by, and Mr. Waters having nearly finished the business that had brought him to Havana, was talking of the return voyage, when Sig. Jacinto Ramirez

sent to beg a private interview with Miss It was conceded at once, and Louisa learned, much to her gratification, that the information had indeed proved worth a for-tune to the heir of old Ruy Ramirez and his brother Jago, owners of the Three Kings of Cologne; for the precious freight of that unfortunate vessel had been so securely hidden by the mutineers as to remain undiscovered until the moment when Don Ramirez himself, aided by two trusted slaves, removed the large stone like a bench across the end of the cave beneath which it lay concealed.

Spaniard, fixing his dark eyes upon those of the woman who had brought this fortune to him with such unconscious and disdainful "But vet not enough. Signora, I value this fair hand far above all the magnificent gifts you have bestowed upon me. Will you

add it to them?" "Sir-why, did not you know"-"What, signora?" "Well, nothing yet; but if I ever marry, er, it will be but one man." "And that man, signora?"

"You should not ask such a question, Mr. Ramirez. It is not you." "That is enough, signora." "No; but you should not be offended, sir, although 1 know my manner is somewhat rude and bluut. That is my birthright, as courtesy is yours. Forgive me if I have hurt

you, signor."

She came close to him, put both her hands in his, and raised her clear, bright eyes to meet his astonished gaze.
"How different you are from my country women. Oh, signora, be gracious, and think, at least, upon my offer of hand, and heart, and life. You do not know me yet." "But, sir, I told you that I love some one

man but that one," said Louisa, with de-"And he-does he-?" stammered Rami "Does he love me?" suggested Louisa, blushing rosy red. "I think so—I hope so." "It is the notary," muttered Ramirez.

else, and never shall dream of marrying any

"Good-by, signor. I hope you will be very happy, and find a very good and true wo-man to be your wife," said Louisa, again offering her hand. "Signora, I wish no wife but you," replied the Spaniard, raising the hand to his lips.

And so they parted, not to meet again. That evening John Merton offered himself to Louisa Wylie, and was accepted. "I would not ask until after Don Ramirez, for he had far more to offer than I shall ever have," said the happy lover at last.
"Had he John Merton to offer?" Louisa, with a smile. They did not meet again, but on her wed-

ding day, Louisa Wylie received from Don

Jacinto Ramirez the gift of a wonderful par-

ure of diamonds, and the deed of gift of \$100,000, "a sum very poorly representing her due share of a certain property lost to the family of Ramirez but for her exertions," So ran the deed, but Louisa, in accepting it, wrote with her own hand to Sig. Don Ramirez that it was only as a free gift, and not in the least as restitution, that she could accept it, and thank him for it most heartily. "Men have died, and worms have eaten

them, but not for love," and the signor was

married last week to a charming New Eng-

Let us wish him happiness as great as that

of our friends John and Louisa Merton, for

land girl whom he met at Newport.

we can suggest no question. MALE POCKETS .- The full-dressed male animal abounds in pockets; he has coat pockets, vest pockets and pants pockets; breast pockets, side pockets, hind pockets, hip pockets, pockets in the overcoat, his ulster and his rubber overalls; never less than sixteen to twenty of these economical hiding places for lots of ar-ticles—cash in loose change, cash in bills, lawyers' briefs, sermons, tradesmen's accounts, doctors' prescriptions, architect's drawings, tax gatherers' list, blank books of all sorts and sizes, enough to stock a bookseller's stall or a merchant's counting room. All kinds of pocket articles are enumerated and defined in the dictionary-pocket comb, pocket compass, pocket pistol, pocket knife, pocket money, pocket glass, pocket volumes, pocket inkstand, pen, pencil and the like. A school boy's pockets are a curiosity; a repository for nails, balls, jackknives, gingerbread and apple cores, fishing twine and angle worms, and as he grows older, billets from the girls, excuses from his mother and extra problems

from his teacher. A female lecturer of some celebrity said "the only thing for which she envied a man

was his multitude of pockets."-

[Troy Times.

Miscellancous Reading.

For the Yorkville Enquirer.

REMINISCENCES OF WESTERN YORK. Scarcely had the war began, before counter-influences were brought to bear upon its success. The idea of a bill for the free coinage of silver; to They were not after the bloody scalp Conscript law" was conceived by repeal arrears of pension limitation; of any pale face, but were looking up the Richmond Examiner, and by that paper put forward in all its plausthat paper put forward in all its plaus-ibility. Other leading papers took in the papers took of the papers the matter in hand, and as a result, on the 16th day of April, 1862, it passed the Confederate Congress, re-ceived the President's sanction, and of the committee: To repeal the inbecome a law. It provided for the ternal revenue laws and the tobacco enrollment of all able-bodied men tax; to prohibit the mailing of newsbetween the ages of 18 and 35 years. It is needless to say that this law met bitter opposition from many influen- | tax; for a bounty on sugar; to repeal tial men throughout the Confederacy. An estimate made by the war department from the muster rolls and from such data as it had in its possession, convinced the authorities that an army sufficiently strong to cope with that of the Federals could be raised by this means.

The time of enlistment of the first troops to volunteer was coming to a close, and the army must be kept intact. As McClellan was drawing his military coil around the Confederate capital, our people ignored the "conscript act," and the young men and others within the age, made choice of their commands and went to them. They went, not as "conscripts," but as volunteers. Thus, at the opening of that campaign, the different regiments and other commands were re-organized, and when Gen. Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, in front of Richmond, after Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been wounded at the battle of "Seven Pines," he (Lee) could truthfully have said of his army, as "fighting" Joe Hooker said of his a year afterward, that he (Hooker) commanded the finestarmy

on the planet. Our people at home had labored assiduously to equip our army for the ordeal through which it was to pass in removing McClellan from his strong position. The privations at home were kept secret from the soldiers in the field. Parents tried to be cheerful that their soldier boys might have no anxiety for them. Sisters wrote cheerful letters and reminded their brothers that their cause depended upon their fidelity. But this was not to be the case long, as we shall now see.

In vain we search our country's

history for such a case of demagogism as the enactment of the "Conscript law," to which we have just called the reader's attention. It was beyond doubt the most damnable piece of legislation that ever blackened the bright escutcheon of American statesmanship. It was the quintessence of slavery itself. The volunteer soldier could no longer stand upon his dignity as such. He felt that his country distrusted his loyalty to its flag. The son was torn from the arms of his mother, and the husband from the fond embrace of his wife and children by its cruel provisions. Many a delicate youth was ushered into the army and to an untimely grave by its rigid exactions. Discontentment was inexorable. It permeated both the ranks of the army and the home circle at the same time and in the same way. Greater sacrifices must be made. The Government demanded its support and the people voluntarily yielded to its request. Provisions and army supplies were turned over to the commissary department with marked liberality. Espionage crept into treacherous and jealous hearts, and the "whys" and "wherefores' that certain people were not in the army were freely and fully discussed. The conscript officers were besieged by those who wished to keep out themselves and get others in the army; and thus dissention and discord began its work in our midst. An enemy in the rear is always demoralizing to an army. It was in a great measure the condition of affairs among our people at home that defeated our army. Everything was chaos and despair towards the close, and the march of Sherman's army through the centre of our State, applying torches to the property and homes of defenseless (yet patriotic) women and children, finally accomplished what it failed to do with firearms. Thus the early months of 1865, witnessed the closing of one of the most destructive wars, (both of lives and property) recorded in mod-

memorable struggle.

J. L. S.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS. On the 20th instant, at 1 o'clock, the first session of the Fiftieth Congress was ended-the longest continyous session in the history of nearly a century of Congress, having lasted three hundred and twenty-one days. The longest previous session ran three hundred and two days, ending September 30. Apart from the protracted but interesting discussion of the tariff question in both houses, and the unparalleled deadlock in consideration of the bill to refund the direct tax, the session has been remarkable in several ways, but in none more than in the enormous number of measures introduced in both branches of Congress. In the Senate 3,641 bills and 116 joint resolutions were presented, and in the House the record ran up to the unequaled figures of 11,598 bills and 230 joint resolutions, making a grand total of 15,585 measures introduced in one session. In the Senate 2394 measures were reported back from the committee and placed on the calendar, a much larger proportion than in the House, where 8,305 measures of the total number of 11,828 introduced still slumber in committee

Of the measures introduced, but few of public interest became laws. Of these may be mentioned the bill to authorize juries in United States Circuit and District Courts to be used interchangeably, and the bill to prohibit the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States.

In the next stage, that is in the conference between the two houses, are two bills of the first importance, namely: Repealing the pre-emption and timber culture laws and providing a general homestead law; and declaring the forfeiture of unearned declaring the forfeiture of unearned railroad land grants. Pending before the Senate is the House tariff it don't matter, I suppose. God will and the Senate substitute. The Sen-know you, anyhow "Is there anything you can ate passed bills to divide Dakota and leave off the bill of fare?" asked the admit the southern half as a State, careful landlord of his steward. "No, and to aid common school education sir. I've marked off most of the (the Blair bill), but they never reach-

"Have you announced that all meals upon on the Senate calendar, among couraged and on the point of giving advice, and inquired more particusent to rooms will be charged extra?" which the following are the more im- up? If the crisis is upon you it is larly into the matter, telling the boy "I have, sir." "And the guests are portant: To establish a United States | the time for manly struggle-for de- that such a book was not fit for him not allowed to take fruit from the land court; to invest the surplus in table?" "Yes, sir." "You might United States bonds; for the admissadd that no second orders will be sion of Montana and Washington teradictive efforts based on courageous to read.

Looking up at her with an amused is to make life a failure; to hold on smile, he replied: "Oh! I didn't tell add that no second orders will be sion of Montana and Washington ter-filled." "It is done, sir." "Then ritories; to prohibit alcoholic liquor that is all, unless you speak of the traffic; to declare trusts unlawful; to success. Stability will take the place to drink nothing but cold water, lie toothpicks. We mustn't be too parestablish a postal telegraph system, of fickleness and hesitancy, and the ticular in serving the public. You (adversely reported from the com-

The bill reported from the House

committee and still on the House calendar, for refunding the direct tax, will be taken up early in December next, under an agreement by which the memorable deadlock over this bill was broken.

Of the Senate bills in committee may be mentioned as important, the to grant woman suffrage, and measgovernment's financial policy.
The following are original House

bills which, likewise, never got out papers containing lottery advertise- readers who are fond of our Indian ments; to lay a graduated income the civil service law; for the free coinage of silver; to break up trusts, and various measures proposing changes in our pension, tariff and financial laws.

A SINLESS FALL. The congregation of Elk River church, a meeting-house in an exceedingly rural community about a different points, but maintain their identity. The reservation contains 720 acres, situated in Catawseventy-five miles northwest of Chi- ba township, in York county, on the cago, says the Arkansaw Traveler, waters of Catawba river." decided that a few new hymn-books and gospel papers were needed, the Rev. Anthony Nash should go to (one of the Catawbas) and from it we Chicago and purchase them. Mr.
Nash, having never seen the city,
was exceedingly pleased with the
appointment. He knew, as all counded the Catawas and in the Catawas and in the Chicago and purchase them. Mr.
learn that Chief Morrison went away
from his people when he was small
and returned in 1886. His wife was
dead when Harris wrote. She was try people do, how wicked a city is, half Catawba. He was married in and he thought that by merely keep- the Choctaw Nation. Mr. Smith

ing his eyes open he could find a text for a great sermon. He was thrilled by the busy scenes, and found delightful rest in the parks. One morning, the third day after his arrival, and while he was hold a convention and appoint him, wondering if he could reach the rail-way station that afternoon in time to catch the train, he strolled quite a distance from the buisness centre of the city. He looked at his watch, on November 5th, 1886. The chief and discovered with alarm, that he taincy of the Catawbas is something only had four hours in which to catch | more than an empty title; again the train. The street cars were run- quote from Harris's letter, "the chief ning in the wrong direction. Just | has the authority to do all public busithen a patrol wagon came along. ness for the tribe, while others do not.'

the seat. "There's the baggage wagon and the baggage-master," the preacher mused. "I will get in and ride with January, the other in December. He

He climbed into the wagon, without attracting the attention of the poiceman, and took a seat. The wagon stopped at a police station. A policeman came up to the wagon, and addressing the preacher, said: "Come on here, now." "Are you sure my books have been

sent to the depot ?

"Come on, I tell you." The policeman on the seat, half tion to the performance. Mr. Nash got out of the wagon and

turned to go away, but the police-man seized him, and, in spite of his struggles, took him to a cell. The next day he was taken before court. The policeman who had driven the wagon-to show that he was keenly alive to the interests of the From this we learn that Thomas city-brought forward a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Morrison, besides being an Indian drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The honest preacher told his story. The judge, the policeman and the reporters laughed at him. He was fined ten dollars, and the afternoon papers devoted many mirth-provok-

ing lines to him. When Mr. Nash reached home he found an angry committee awaiting in that romance of all Indian rohim. He was immediately summoned to appear before his congregation, and by a rising vote was AN ILLUSTRATION .- "Put thou my tears into a bottle," is the touching prayer of the Psalmist. He who notes the sparrow's fall will not overlook the eyes that weep. The Psalmist probably alludes to a custom which still prevails in Persia, as of old. They bottle up their tears in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man, after every other means had failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. The practice alluded to was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb; for the almost every ancient tomb; for the accounts of the personal courage of accounts of the personal courage of

> thither?-[Anon. Controlling More Railroads.
>
> Recently the Richmond and West
> Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company, more familiarly
> known as the Richmond and Danwhether the son who came to him
> whether the son who came to him ville system, obtained control of the was Jacob or not, "he smelled the East Tennessee Railroad and its con- smell of his rainment, and blessed nections; and only a few days later | him." the same company purchased the entire capital stock of the Central Georgia company—thus giving the combination control of an extensive system of rail and water lines, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, aggregating 7,2141 miles. These roads and systems are as follows: Richmond and West Point. including Richmond and Danville and leased lines, 16 roads, 3,094 miles; the war of 1812 began, he gave the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgard Saratoga sticks to his son. The latter gia, 12 roads, 1,624 miles; Central, of Georgia, 23 roads, 2,1891 miles; Georgia railroad and connections, 307 miles. It is probable that suits will leans, in 1815. A grandson of the be entered to prevent the acquisition Revolutionary drummer used the by the Terminal Company of the

> Christmas a gentleman was strolling | four years during the late civil war, along a street in Toronto with ap- and now they are in possession of Col. parently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit Buchanan, in that State, on the 25th stand: "I wish I had an orange for of last August. One of the sticks is ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were manogony. They are both sound, clean and neat, and calling them into children, though poorly dressed, were the store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know ?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turn-

success or a failure? This is the drink, lie and steal !' ing Star.

A CAROLINA INDIAN CHIEF. SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS MORRI-SON, CHIEF OF THE CATAWBA IN-DIANS.

[From the Sumter Advance.] In January, 1887, the News and Courier informed us that the Catawba Indians were "on the law path." to reduce letter postage to one cent; a claim to 144,000 acres, which form have a just claim. The Indian most prominent in hunting up this claim appears to have been Thomas Morrison, chief of the Catawbas. A few words about him and his people will not be uninteresting to those of your

> a civilized, but is also a Carolina In dian Chief.
>
> Mr. A. E. Smith, of Rock Hill, who is the agent for the Catawbas, in a recent letter to the writer of this article, says of these Indians "About 60 live on the reservation, 92 in all; the others are scattered

history, for chief Morrison is not only

Last March the writer received an writes, "Chief Morrison is about 45 years of age." The government of the Catawbas is rather republican in There was only one policeman on the newspapers mention two visits the seat. has manifested an earnest interest in the rights and welfare of the Catawbas. When he visited Columbia in January, 1887, the Columbia Regis-ter, speaking of him and another red man who accompanied him, tells us: "they were both clad in the habiliments of civilization and had nothing about them to attract unusual notice save their strongly marked Indian features." The Chief was mentioned as "being a man of more

> a scout in the Confederate army." rior. Such is a brief sketch of Thomas Morrison, chief the Catawbas, a nation of Indians who have been as brave, if not braver, than were the Mohicans, the same tribe which J.

than ordinary stature" and was

verse with." The Columbia corres-

pondent of the Augusta Chronicle

has spoken of Chief Morrison as "an

intelligent Indian" and of his "hav-

ing served nobly through the war,

and rendered invaluable services as

"very deaf" and "difficult to con-

Fenimore Cooper has immortalized mances—"The last of the Mohicans." McDonald Furman. Privateer township, Sept. 22, 1888.

SUBSTITUTES FOR KISSING .- Some rude races have strange substitutes for kissing. Of a Mongol father, a traveler writes: "He smelled from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usually among the Mongols in-stead of embracing." In the Philippine Islands, we are told, "the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling pocket-handkerchiefs, to tell to which person they belong, and lovers, at parting, exchange pieces of linen they may be wearing, and, during their separation, inhale the odor of the beloved being." Among the Cittagong Hill people, again, it is said, the manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip, they place the nose and mouth upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me." In the same way, according accounts of the personal courage of ancients buried them with their dead some of those who took part in that as a proof of their affection. There do not kiss each other in the is a fair land where all tears shall be western fashion, but apply the lips wiped away. Reader, are you going and nose to the cheek, and make a strong inhalation." Moreover, "the Samoans salute by juxtaposition of

> A STORY OF A PAIR OF DRUM-STICKS .- After the battle of Saratoga, in 1777, a pair of drumsticks were found by the side of a British drummer, who had been killed. The sticks were given to an American drummer-boy, who used them du-

ring the remainder of the Revolutionary war. The boy became a man, and when used them throughout the war of 1812, and they beat "the Americans to Arms," at the battle of New Orsame sticks in General Scott's army East Tennessee and Georgia systems.

during the Mexican war. A great-grandson of the Revolu-AN INCIDENT.-One evening last tionary drummer carried them for Morrow, of Niles, Michigan. The historical sticks were used at

a reunion of Michigan soldiers, at made of camwood and the other of dred years old. A SMART SCHOLAR .-- A zealous Sunday-school teacher who had en-

deavored to teach her class of boys

lessons of temperance, in every way

showing them the folly and danger

very much surprised one Sunday by one of her boys exclaiming: "I have been reading a book lately, teacher, LIFE'S STRUGGLE.—Is life to be a and it says that every boy ought to Of course the teacher was shocked dishes now, and have added the salt and pepper to the list of relishes." | ed the House for action. | question with all. It is a struggle. | Of course the teacher was shocked that any book should give such bad

> is to gain heroic and triumphant you all; it says that every boy ought struggle will not be in vain.-[Morn- | bad company. I think so, too; don't

of using intoxicating liquors, was